

# Good Morning 672

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



## Two Jobs Await A.B. Arthur Unwin

THE house was rather empty when we called at 48, Nettleham Road, Woodseats, Sheffield, 8, A.B. Arthur Unwin. Your mother is going to have it decorated for you when you come home on leave. She is looking very well and enjoying life in the provisions' shop.

"Buller," the cat, was dozing in the sun... Mother picked him up and said you would like to see him, so we took this picture. By the way, there are two jobs waiting for you when you get home again... to dig the garden and trim the lawn.

## Hats are Doffed to C.E.R.A. Andrew Brunton

WE can imagine Chief E.R.A. Andrew Brunton having a quiet chuckle over this 14-year-old boy of his. Donald and his mother provided quite a happy "snap" when our photographer called at 52, Carnarvon Road, Gosport.

Donald is more fond of a "lark" than of gardening. When Mrs. Brunton asked him to do a little digging for her, he promptly put up the notice "Man at work!"

However, the garden wasn't too bad, for David (18½) had managed to keep it in fairly good order before being called up. So there will be a few vegetables, C.E.R.A. Brunton, at Carnarvon Road, this summer—peas, lettuce, onions, etc.—as well as the raspberries and blackberries to pick.

Sorry we were too late to get David in the picture as well. He had his "call-up" the day before we got to Gosport. His cadet training should stand him in good stead in the Army, and we are sure that, as in the Cadets, he will soon be getting his stripes.

Incidentally, on his journey, David fell in with one of the Polish seamen who was in his



Dad's instruction class at Gosport. "Your father very jolly," he told David. "Make plenty jokes."

So we know where the boys get their liveliness!

Donald tells us that he wants to be a motor mechanic. Just now, he has his eye on a motor bike and hopes to save up enough money from his newspaper round to buy one.

But like all growing lads he is a terror with his clothes, and his mother finds plenty to do to look after him. He is now learning the piano-accordion, and his teacher is

trying to work up a little band. That sounds like a rare old celebration, C.E.R.A. Brunton, when you all get together again.

Here's wishing you all the best from your wife and family, and the hope that the reunion will not be long delayed.

After 22 years in submarines, you have certainly earned the right to a spell in the garden yourself. And I'm sure we of the "Good Morning" staff ought to doff our hats to one of our oldest submariners.

W. H. MILLIER AND HIS PALS AT THE SIGN OF THE JOLLY ROGER

# It's Up to Owners to Brighten Racing

THE atmosphere at "The Jolly Roger" was more cheerful the other evening, not that it is ever really depressing. But the end of the worst of our war worries and the possibility of getting down to the work of reorganising our sporting activities made our friends feel in cheerful mood.

"Well, Guv'nor," said Bernard, "you'll be glad to know that not all our discussions have been in vain."

"That sounds interesting. What are you referring to in particular?"

"To our ideas of making racing more enjoyable to the sporting public, of course. That has been number one on our agenda for a long time. At last I think we shall see a move in the right direction."

"What are you going to tell me that the Jockey Club has begun to wake up to what is wanted to brighten racing?"

"I am not too sure about the Jockey Club yet," answered Bernard, "but I believe various members are already interested and that is something to be going on with. No. What I mean is that the right people have made a move, and when I say the right people I refer to the racehorse owners."

"The owners have made the first move by forming themselves into a company to be known as the Racehorse Owners' Association, and as Lord Fitzwilliam is President, it looks as though the Jockey Club may be on the side of the owners in their desire to get things moving. Lord Fitz-

william is a member of the Jockey Club.

"At all events the Jockey Club has gone as far as declaring that members may also be members of the Racehorse Owners' Association. That is a concession for so conservative a body and may be said to be hopeful at least."

"I am glad to see that Sir Malcolm McAlpine is chairman of the new Association. He is the sort of person to get things done. Sir Malcolm told me that

most of the owners realise that under the changed conditions of to-day they can only afford to race provided that the stake-money is made to equal expenditure, and that this can only be brought about by making racing pay. It will only do that by making it much more attractive to the general public. That is what we have been saying for a long time."

"If Sir Malcolm McAlpine is guiding the interests of the Association," said the Guv'nor, "Then you may be sure that he will not sit down and let things slide. He is the man to get things done and that is what is wanted more than anything else."

"In the ordinary course of events, the last people you would expect to start the ball rolling are the owners. That shows you how vastly things have changed. You can see how it has all come about."

"With such high taxation few men will be left with enough money to spare to carry on the sport of racing under the old conditions. You had to be rich to be able to maintain a string of racehorses for more than a few seasons, and there will not be many rich men left. If you carry that out to its logical conclusion it must mean the end of racing, unless conditions are altered."

"Now, you can see that most of the owners realise that unless the stake-money pretty well balances the outlay on horses, they will not be able to afford the luxury of racing. They see what we have so frequently pointed out that in order to get more money into the pool, the people who pay, meaning the British public, will have to be given better value for money."

"Yes," said Bernard, "the new Association has stated that its objects are to provide more comfortable accommodation, better catering facilities and better value all round to make racing more attractive."

"I see also," said the Guv'nor, "that at last the Jockey Club has sanctioned a trial season of racing with the camera to photograph the finish of close races. That's another concession that has been all too grudgingly given. Still, better late than never."

"It is at least a sign that the racing authorities are not only beginning to see that improvements are necessary, but are bowing to public opinion."

"It would be too much to expect them to adopt the camera right away as a permanent fixture. I note that it is only to be given a try-out experimentally, and from that it may still be quite a long time before it is made a compulsory adjunct to racing."

"I hear that it will probably be installed at Newmarket. My idea is that it would be a much better plan to instal it at Windsor, and have a few extra meetings there just to show how necessary it is to have a cam-

era to decide close finishes. I think I am right in saying that there have been more disputed decisions at Windsor, than on all the other courses in England put together."

"I should say that is not far wrong," said Bernard. "But in any event the case for the camera has been proved to the hilt, and it can only do good by removing the last vestige of suspicion from racegoers, whose angle of vision cannot be the same as the judge's. After all, the judge is liable to make a mistake in a tight finish, and he can have no objection to being assisted in his decision by a photograph of the finish taken from the correct angle."

"It takes a good man to name a short head winner when there is a bunch close up at the finish," said Paddy. "I can tell you that the jockeys who have fought out a tight finish all think they were first. It is very difficult and anything that puts the issue beyond human frailty is to be welcomed. That is why I think the camera should have been used long ago."

"It pleases me to know that the owners are getting a move on to bring about an improvement in racing conditions. I was beginning to think that racing would lose its leading position in the sporting world. Nearly all the old owners have had to cut down to such an extent that things were beginning to look gloomy."

"Many of my friends among the trainers have had a hard tussle to keep going during the war and more than one has been on the point of throwing his hand in, but they have kept on, just hoping for the best."

"Horse-racing and the breeding of thoroughbreds is a pretty big industry in this country and it would be a pity to let it be stifled to such an extent that it would cease to amount to anything. Many of the good people employed in racing are hoping for better times now, and unless the sport is submerged in heavy taxation, it will help us all to enjoy life better if we can have some really good racing to divert our minds from other worries."

"I don't think you need fear that racing will be allowed to die out," said Bernard. "Whatever the conditions, you may be sure that we shall manage to race in some way or other, so long as we retain our national characteristics as a sporting race."

"But we are likely to see something better now that the problem is being tackled by the right people. It will take time, of course, but so long as a start is made that is the chief thing."

"I hope we all live long enough to see these wonderful improvements," said the Guv'nor.

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast. I think that's the right quotation," said Bernard.

"Trust a bookmaker to know that," put in Paddy. "There wouldn't be any bookmakers if it didn't."



"Flowers for the wife be blowed! A present for the office-boy from the directors, for three weeks' meritorious service!"

## HOME TOWN GOSSIP

THE new electors' lists reveal when the canvassers come such great changes in the population of Plymouth that in used to have a good idea from some streets you can only find their records as to which streets were Conservative and which Labour or Liberal now have to think again!

Of 368 voters in twelve streets in Mutley 236 are "newcomers."

Coburg Street has only 45 people still there who were on the old register. In one house where 13 people are living everyone will be a "new face"

BOTTLES.

DURING the Milk Bottle Recovery Week at Plymouth 150 bottles were collected from one house! The housewife had accumulated them in her back garden.

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Dept. of C.N.I., Admiralty, London, S.W.1



# Conclusion of BLOW UP WITH THE BRIG

By WILKIE COLLINS

THIS discovery set my mind for a minute on a new tack altogether. I began to ponder with myself what sort of a death blowing-up might be. Painful! Well, it would be, surely, too sudden for that. Perhaps just one crash inside me, or outside me, or both; and nothing more! Perhaps not even a crash; that and death and the scattering of this living body of mine into millions of fiery sparks, might all happen in the same instant! I couldn't make it out; I couldn't settle how it would be. The minute of calmness in my mind left it before I had half done thinking, and I got all abroad again.

When I came back to my thoughts, or when they came back to me (I can't say which), the wick was awfully tall, the flame was burning with a smoke above it, the charred top was broad and red, and heavily spreading out to its fall.

My despair and horror at seeing it took me in a new way, which was good and right, at any rate, for my poor soul. I tried to pray, in my own heart, you will understand, for the gag put all lip-praying out of my power.

I tried, but the candle seemed to burn it up in me. I struggled hard to force my eyes from the slow, murdering flame, and to look up through the chink in the hatch at the blessed daylight. I tried once, tried twice, and gave it up. I next tried only to shut my eyes and keep them shut—once—twice—and the second time I did it. "God bless old mother, and sister Lizzie; God keep

them both, and forgive me." That was all I had time to say, in my own heart, before my eyes opened again, in spite of me, and the flame of the candle flew into them, flew all over me, and burned up the rest of my thoughts in an instant. I couldn't hear the fish blowing now; I couldn't hear the creak of the spars; I couldn't think; I couldn't feel the sweat of my own death agony on my face—I could only look at the heavy, charred top of the wick. It swelled, tottered, bent over to one side, dropped—red-hot at the moment of its fall—black and harmless, even before the swing of the brig had canted it over into the bottom of the candlestick.

I caught myself laughing. Yes! laughing at the safe fall of the bit of wick. But for the gag, I should have screamed with laughing. As it was, I shook with it inside me—shook till the blood was in my head and I was all but suffocated for want of breath. I had just sense enough left to feel that my own horrid laughter at that awful moment was a sign of my brain going at last. I had just sense enough left to make another struggle before my mind broke loose, like a frightened horse, and ran away with me.

One comforting look at the

blink of daylight through the hatch was what I tried for once more. The fight to force my eyes from the candle and to get that one look at the daylight was the hardest I had had yet, and I lost the fight. The flame had hold of my eyes as fast as the lashings had hold of my hands. I couldn't look away from it. I couldn't even shut my eyes when I tried that next, for the second time. There was the wick growing tall once more. There was the space of unburned candle between the light and the slow-match shortened to an inch or less.

How much life did that inch leave me? Three-quarters of an hour? Half an hour? Fifty minutes? Twenty minutes? Steady! An inch of tallow candle would burn longer than twenty minutes. An inch of tallow! The notion of a man's body and soul being kept together by an inch of tallow! Wonderful!

Why, the greatest king that sits on a throne can't keep a man's body and soul together; and here's an inch of tallow that can do what the king can't! There's something to tell mother when I get home which will surprise her more than all the rest of my voyages put together. I laughed inwardly again at the thought of that, and shook and swelled and suffocated myself, till the light of the candle leaped in through my eyes, and licked up the laughter, and burned it out of me, and made me all empty and cold and quiet once more.

Mother and Lizzie. I don't know when they came back,

Yes, sure enough, there was Lizzie, just as light-hearted as usual, laughing at me. Laughing? Well, why not? Who is to blame Lizzie for thinking I'm lying on my back, drunk in the cellar, with the beer-barrels all round me? Steady! She's crying now—spinning round and round in a fiery mist, wringing her hands,

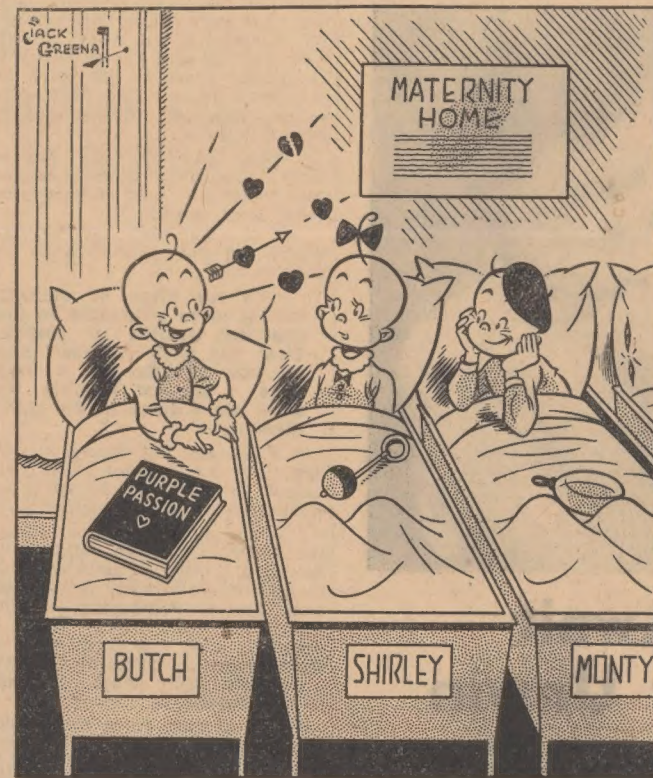
screeching out for help—fainter and fainter, like the splash of the schooner's sweeps. Gone—burned up in the fiery mist! Mist! Fire? No; neither one nor the other.

It's mother makes the light—mother knitting, with ten flaming points at the ends of her fingers and thumbs, and slow-matches hanging in bunches all round her face instead of her own gray hair. Mother in her old armchair, and the pilot's long skinny hands hanging over the back of the chair, dripping with gunpowder.

No! Not gunpowder, no chair no mother—nothing but the pilot's face shining red-hot like a sun in the fiery mist; turning upside down in the fiery mist; running backward and forward along the slow-match in the fiery mist; spinning millions of miles in a minute in the fiery mist—spinning itself smaller and smaller into one tiny point and that point darting on a sudden straight into my head—and then all fire and all mist—no hearing no seeing no thinking no feeling—the brig the sea my own self the whole world all gone together!

After what I've just told you I know nothing and remember nothing till I woke up (as it seemed to me) in a comfortable bed, with two rough-and-ready men like myself sitting on each side of my pillow, and a gentleman standing watching me at the foot of the bed. It was about seven in the morning. My sleep (or what seemed like sleep to me) had lasted better than eight months—I was among my own countrymen in the island of Trinidad—the men at each side of my pillow were my keepers,

(Continued on Page 3)



Jack Greenall  
Says:  
Ain't  
Nature  
Wonderful!

## THE MOLE.

THE Mole is the Bevin boy of the animal world.

He lives in Hades, or as near as he can get to it. He causes large lumps to break out like a rash on your lawn, and generally plays merry hell with the whole landscape.

His fore-feet are like shovels, and can shift terra firma like a bull-dozer. He's a tough egg, too. Try to pinch his worm; go on, try!

He also eats small snails and grubs, so if you thought you were going short because of the Mole, perish the thought.

Moles have little red noses which seem to be in need of a pocket-hankie. A Mole can hear you coming a mile away; you didn't know that, did you? but he can. He worries a lot about it, I should say. He works a three-hour shift, when the whistle blows, and then sleeps three hours. How he knows when his three hours is up, don't ask me. He doesn't kill himself, does he?

His hill, the little bump in your lawn I mentioned earlier, is his fortress. He sleeps here. How the devil he knows night from day to do this, is still one of the world's greatest mysteries.

He has a lovely fur coat. The fur trade know this, and so does the Mole. Knowing this, he stays put in his mine. So should I if I were a Mole.

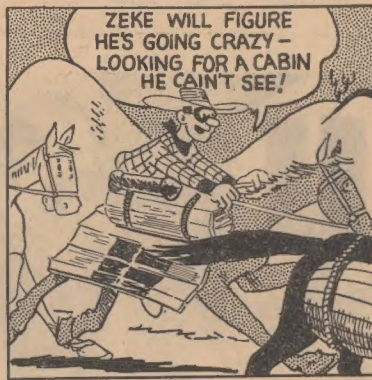
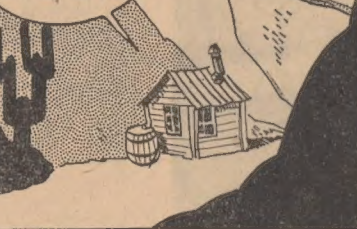
## Heard This Before?

With a note of deep regret in his voice, the earnest social reformer was tackling the village reprobate. "The last time I met you," he said, "you made me happy because you were sober. To-day I am unhappy because you are drunk." "Yes," replied the bad lad cheerfully, "to-day's my turn to be happy."

A private came into the captain's office and said rather dejectedly, "I ain't fit to wear this uniform, sir. I've just shot the cook." "What!" roared the captain. "How many times have I told you men not to use the word 'ain't'?"

## BEELZEBUB JONES

O.K., FELLERS,  
LET'S GET GOING!  
ZEKE IS COMING  
DOWN TO  
INVESTIGATE!



## BELINDA



## POPEYE





# Wangling Words No. 611

1. Behead a method of locomotion and get illumination.
2. Insert the same letter twelve times and make a sentence of: omhinkshaanoherlile-owonhurhem.
3. What common word has PLICAT for its exact middle?
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: If you can't find them on the railway embankment, — under the —.

## Answers to Wangling Words—No. 610

1. C-rick.
2. Daddy decided to dedicate his distich to Widow Dido.
3. EnTRANCE.
4. Parson, aprons.

# JANE

# BLOW UP WITH THE BRIG

(Continued from Page 2)

turn and turn about—and the gentleman standing at the foot of the bed was the doctor. What I said and did in those eight months, I never have known, and never shall. I woke out of it as if it had been one long sleep—that's all I know.

It was another two months or more before the doctor thought it safe to answer the questions I asked him.

The brig had been anchored, just as I had supposed, off a part of the coast which was lonely enough to make the Spaniards pretty sure of no interruption, so long as they managed their murderous work quietly under cover of night.

My life had not been saved from the shore, but from the sea. An American vessel, becalmed in the offing, had made out the brig as the sun rose; and the captain, having his

time on his hands in consequence of the calm, and seeing a vessel anchored where no vessel had any reason to be, had manned one of his boats and sent his mate with it, to look a little closer into the matter. And bring back a report of what he saw.

What he saw, when he and his men found the brig deserted and boarded her, was the gleam of candle-light through the chink in the hatchway.

The flame was within about a thread's breadth of the slow-match when he lowered himself into the hold; and if he had not had the sense and coolness to cut the match in two with his knife before he touched the candle, he and his men might have been blown up along with the brig as well as me. The match caught, and turned into sputtering red fire, in the very act of putting the candle out; and if the communication with

the powder-barrel had not been cut off, the Lord only knows what might have happened.

What became of the Spanish schooner and the pilot I have never heard from that day to this.

As for the brig, the Yankees took her, as they took me, to Trinidad, and claimed their salvage, and got it, I hope, for their own sakes. I was landed just in the same state as when they rescued me from the brig—that is to say, clean out of my senses.

But please to remember, it was a long time ago, and, take my word for it, I was discharged cured, as I have told you. Bless your hearts. I'm all right now, as you may see. I'm a little shaken by telling the story, as is only natural—a little shaken, my good friends, that's all.

THE END

# QUIZ for today

6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Ounce, Hundredweight, Pound, Drachm, Quarter.

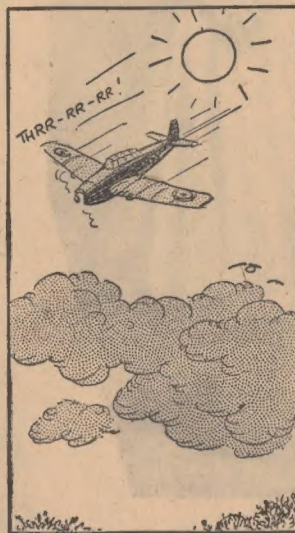
## Answers to Quiz in No. 671

1. Kind of tree.
2. (a) A mark used in writing to show you've left something out, (b) a weight used for precious stones and metals, (c) vegetable.
3. 14lb.
4.  $\times 38, \div 33$ .
5. Holland.
6. Farthing is a current coin; others are obsolete.

## ALEX CRACKS

"How did you get on at the Oral Examination?" "Awfully well! The professor proposed to me!" \* \* \*

"My dear, it was too boring. Fortunately, I was there myself, good for toothache," says a dentist. Not to be confused with a sock on the same.



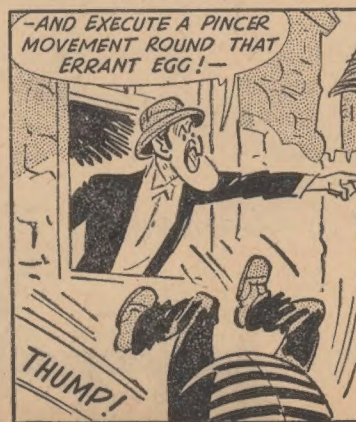
## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



# The Things People Do

"BING and Ellen"—whoever they are—are not loved by the Westminster Abbey authorities. Maybe they were feeling a bit sentimental over what sounds like an Anglo-American love-match—but there was no need for them to write their names on a memorial stone in the Cloisters.

Luckily, they only wrote them, and the writing has been scrubbed off. There are others who make a habit of carving their names or initials (with or without a pierced heart) all over the place, and Westminster Abbey has not been free of these.

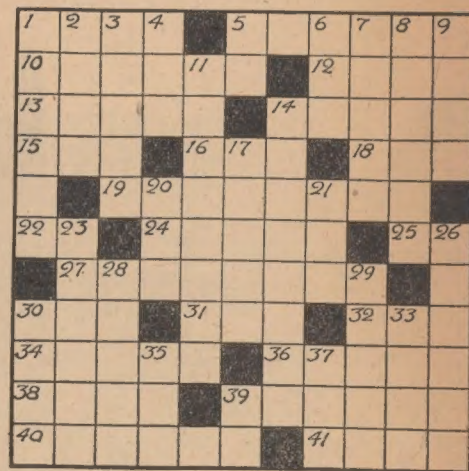
And there was a chap names Charles Colman, Esq., who carved his name in the Cloisters three times—in 1664, 1688 and 1721. He put the dates after them. Say he was fifteen when he carved the first, he must have been an old man of 72 when he did the last one, and at that age, at any rate, he ought to have known better. The authorities haven't much chance of catching Charles Colman, Esq.—but if they get hold of modern carvers there will be trouble.

IT looks as though Patrick Sugrue, of De Beauvoir Crescent, Dalston, will win medals when he grows up. At present he's only thirteen, but he has saved three lives already. He lives near a canal, so he starts with an advantage.

D. N. K. BAGNALL.

# CROSS-WORD CORNER

TASTE BANTU  
IMP WRITER  
CURVE SEPIA  
SEARCH ACE  
REEL HOWLER  
O SWIDE I  
UNSEEN DOLE  
GOT LEAGUE  
ENACT PETAL  
CRUETS EVE  
PETER EGRET



CLUES ACROSS.—1 Stylish. 5 Golf-club. 10 Constrain. 12 Be over-fond. 13 Itinerary. 14 Reptile. 15 Know. 16 Corporal. 18 Corn spike. 19 Vegetation. 22 Artist. 24 Hold forth. 25 Sergeant-Major. 27 As if disturbed. 30 For. 31 Number. 32 Strange. 34 French Dept. 36 Habitual. 38 Constellation. 39 Insect. 40 Insect. 41 Part of milk.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Hog. 2 Wind instrument. 3 Hurdled. 4 Success. 5 Remain. 6 Fuss. 7 Moderate. 8 Wanderers. 9 Space of time. 11 Produce. 14 Go on. 17 Stop. 20 Eggs. 21 Fish. 23 Northern lights. 26 Miscellany. 28 Loud. 29 Youngster. 30 Fruit. 33 Valley. 35 Branch of Services. 37 Stitch. 39 Aside.



# Good Morning

She's the youngest strip-tease artiste we've yet come across! Only difference is, she seems happy in her work! We guess the real reason is that it's fun to be alive when you're five and the sun comes peeping into your bedroom window to give you a "Good Morning" kiss.



This one definitely does NOT look happy in her work. Which is really very understandable — seeing she's Mata Hari, and was shot as a German spy in 1916!



And here's one who makes US happy in OUR work! One look at Linda Darnell, and even the Editor seems to us to be quite a likeable chap—although terribly misguided, of course. And one look at Linda Darnell in her present get-up, and we can almost forgive him his old-fashioned views on the back-page pictures.



Whenever you say to a cameraman, "Here, slave, go and bring me back a picture of Edinburgh, that Queen of Cities," it's all Fleet Street to a bottle of Bass that he will come trotting back, wagging his expense sheet, with this photograph of Princes Street with the Scott Memorial stuck in the centre. But, as it's the scene that Scotsmen love best, we suppose it doesn't matter.



If jitterbug maniacs see this picture, instead of screaming, "Hey, Squirrel, let's twirrel," they'll be bleating, "Hey, Tortoise, let's porpoise."

## OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Hey, Tom, let's bomb!"

